

The Times Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.]

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 15, 1861.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 23—NO 26.]

Business Directory.

REED & CRITCHFIELD.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.
Office—Up stairs in Critchfield's Corner Block, opposite the Court House. n2014

D. S. CHIL.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.
Office—In Recorder's Office, east of the Court House. n2015

WM. S. TANNEHILL.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Two doors east of the Bank, up stairs. n2016

J. P. ALBAN.
DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio. Artificial Teeth inserted, from one to an entire set, on gold silver or vulcanite base. All operations skillfully performed. Satisfaction warranted.
EF Rooms, three doors west of Weston's Saloon, Jackson Street. n2017

T. G. V. BOZING.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Millersburg, Ohio.
Office on Main street, formerly occupied Dr. Irvine. n2018

T. McE. EBRIGHT, M.D.
Physician & Surgeon, n2019

MILLERSBURG, O. Office—on Jackson at nearly opposite the Empire House. Residence—on Clay street, opposite the Presbyterian Church. n2020

DR. A. A. CRUMP.
GERMAN & ENGLISH BOTANIC Physician, Millersburg, O. Office—on the East end of Main street, four doors above the Public square. n2021

A. B. FRY.
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER, Main Street, opposite Court House, Millersburg, Ohio. n2022

JAS. HERRON & SON.
DEALERS IN English, German and American Hardware, Cutlery, Oils, Paints, Glass Sash, Pine Doors Saddlery, and Coach Trimmings. n2023

EMPIRE HOUSE.
H. M. LEE, Proprietor, Main Street, Millersburg, Ohio. n2024

OHIO HOUSE.
I. HOXWORTH, Proprietor, west end of Main Street, Millersburg, O. EF Stage Office—Daily Line of Coaches to Coshocton. n2025

A. J. BELL.
COUNTY RECORDER AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Millersburg Ohio. He is at all times ready to furnish, fill up, and take acknowledgments of all kinds of Deeds, Conveyances, mortgages, and powers of Attorney, and Record the same, take Depositions to be used in any of the courts of this State, also, Patent Notes, Bills of exchange, &c. EF His office is in the County Recorder's office. n2026

SPARTAN LODGE NO. 126.
OF Free and Accepted Masons, meet the Friday on or preceding the full moon in every month, at the Masonic Hall. n2027

J. B. RUSSELL.
NOTARY PUBLIC, Sateerock Township, Holmes County, Ohio, will acknowledge deeds, take depositions, and do all other business pertaining to his office. n2028

HEIZER & SPIEGEL.
SUCCESSORS TO
E. STEINBACHER & CO.
Produce and Commission Merchants, n2029

FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS.
SALT, FISH, WHITE & WATER LIME, &c. &c. n2030

Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Wool,
SEEDS, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS &c. &c. n2031

BAKER & WHOLEF.
Forwarding and Commission Merchants
SALT, FISH, PLASTER, WHITE & WATER LIME, n2032

Flour, Wheat, Rye, Corn and oats
COVER AND TIMOTHY SEED. n2033

UTTER, ROGERS & TALLOW
And all kinds of DRIED FRUITS. n2034

GROCERY STORE.
GODFREY ITNER has removed his
Grocery and Provision Store
To the Rooms formerly occupied by
FRY'S Jewelry store. n2035

GROCERIES
should call.
April 26, 1860. G. ITNER. n2036

J. EBERHARDT.
Manufacturer and Dealer
IN ALL KINDS OF
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN
MARBLE WORKS. n2037

NEW BOOT & SHOE SHOP.
ONE door west from J. M. Vance's store, in the room
formerly occupied as Post Office, where the under
shoes are prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, especially
All who want to buy the best quality of
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Poetry.

Fallen Stars.

There is mourning 'mong the stars
That hang their beacons lights
On the blue water-towers high
In the lonely winter nights,
For some trusted sentinel
Walking heaven's battlements
In his silver coat of mail
By a false step fell from thence;
And there's mourning 'mong the stars
For the missing watchman's light—
For the fallen and the lost
From the shining ranks of Night.

O, there's mourning 'mong the stars
In our country's firmament
Fields more than one are lost,
And their glorious light is spent.
Another and another drops
From our country's light of day,
Leaving darkness down its track
In the fading galaxy.
O, there's mourning 'mong the stars—
Fearful sounds are in the air,
That betoken Terror's reign—
Notes of anarchy and war.

God of heaven! spare, oh, spare!
From the dreadful threatened doom
Hanging o'er our country's fate
Lift the clouds of mournful gloom!
God of heaven! speak, oh, speak!
Did the fallen stars go back—
Back to their own glorious home,
In the country's zenith?
And when they there again shall shine,
Nation's will "clap their hands,"
While the thrill of joy will reach
To the earth's remotest lands.

ATLANTA, PENN.

Miscellaneous.

Why Should Free Men Deplore the Loss of the Union?

The Ohio State Journal makes great professions of loyalty and love for the American Union. It is not only full of patriotic professions with respect to itself, but it has no hesitation in imputing disloyalty and treason to those who have, and who are now, the most steadfast friends of the American Union. The impudence of that concern in this respect, is without parallel, and its deceit and hypocrisy is extraordinary. In view of the conduct of this paper, and the fact that it has never, on any occasion, since it uttered the most ultra disunion sentiments, made any explanation or apology for its course, we deem it proper to occasionally ventilate one of its leaders, in opposition to the American Union, in which it is so full of its own patriotism, and in which it is so full of its own patriotism, and in which it is so full of its own patriotism.

The authenticity of the article is not disputed, and more than that no Republican editor or politician in Ohio rebukes it, at the time, or at any time since, for its treasonable doctrines. The article below will be found conspicuously inserted in the editorial column of the Ohio State Journal, the central organ of the Republican party, of the 27th of March, 1861, at the time that Lincoln had decided to abandon Fort Sumter to the rebels. Union men may rely upon it that the article is genuine, and it may be found in that paper of the date referred to. Here it is:

The erroneous impressions of many of our own people that Republican or Democratic institutions are on trial, and that the fall of the American Union carries down with it, not only these institutions, but the hopes of freedom everywhere, has been generally accepted by the outside world, and we now find curious spectators in Europe looking intensely on what they suppose to be the fierce struggle of Democracy for life. Especial interest, among our English cousins in this matter, and the London Times has deemed it expedient to send one of its crack literary writers to report the proceedings of the trial. Mr. Russell, so superior in mere objective writing; brilliant in description of striking scenery; and the horrid realities of war, will, we are convinced, find but little material for his florid pen in the annals of American dissolution. It would be as practicable to trace the minute details of the progress of disease in the human frame, and eventual death, as to write a vivid description of our national troubles and their prospective termination in permanent disunion. Articles can be written on the various questions growing out of our troubles, but a mere description of these troubles, never.

We started out by saying the impression that Democratic institutions are on trial in this country is erroneous. So it is. It is heterogeneous Union which has been to the country to be passed on, and which, failing to further subvert the ends of its creation, is about to be cast aside like the body, which some immortal soul has worn out and thrown off, to seek a new and more lasting tenement. The Democratic idea in America has outlived the American Union. That is all. The life, vitality, soul of this idea is about to burst from its chrysalis form—investing some more effective vehicle of action—will run that career of power in civilizing and refining a crude world, which we believe is its destiny under Heaven. Politicians and dotards may gabble and weep tears of imbecility over the breaking up of an unnatural compact, but reason, justice and humanity will accept it as one of those cheering evidences that Providence is working good to the creatures of earth through the progress of events.

A rigid analysis of American patriotism discovers but little gold. The enthusiasm of the masses for the Union is more or less factitious. The Union has been apotheosized by politicians for their own selfish aggrandizement. It has been made their rallying cry, until the unthinking had become to invest it with a certain degree of sacredness. But truth has reached the popular heart, and intelligence the popular mind, and the masses see that the natural giant strength of physical America and the measure of freedom enjoyed by our people under the Constitution, properly directed, have made us what we are in spite of the Union. It is free labor and free thought that have made the American Union illustrious,

and not the Union which has developed those features of Democracy. And now that this free labor, and this restless, throbbing free thought are entrained by the Union, the embarrassment will be removed. The young giants refuse to be unmanacled.

The Africanized people of the South have precipitated a work which we believe advancing civilization and the teaching of Christianity would have, ere long, demanded at the hands of the people of the North. This complicity with the barbarism of slavery, which the latter have forced upon them by the Union, has become more burdensome every year, and must have been thrown off voluntarily before the lapse of many years. The Union has done nothing, in reality for freedom. Its legislation has been in favor of slavery, when required to legislate between these antipodes. Then why should free men deplore the loss of the Union?

Separate peaceful existence of the sections are preferable to a Union which is dissatisfactory to one, and retards the progress of the other. The creators of the Union sowed the seeds of inevitable death at the creation. They thought to beget a healthy body by an unnatural cross between right and wrong. They thought to produce a symmetrical, harmonious whole, by blending two conflicting systems of industry—two civilizations. How could they expect to be successful, when all history is against them? All nations that recognize the right of one man to oppress another, sooner or later crumble into dissolution, and in that extinction, we bound to recognize the decree of justice. And why should the American people alone hope to enjoy immunity from the universal doom?

[From the New York Observer, religious.]
Dangers of the Hour.
Never, never in the history of this people, was the danger of national corruption and consequent destruction, so imminent as at this moment. We hear it said on all hands, that a higher and purer public morality, a profounder reverence for law, and a sterner sense of political virtue are to spring from the disturbed ocean of trouble on which our ship of state is now tossing. It would be worth all it costs in money and lives, if the corruptions of party politics could be cured and moral health restored; if we could see the days brought back when honest and capable men would be put into offices of trust and power by the intelligent voice of enlightened constituent, and venal and ambitious demagogues would be hurled from public confidence.

But the prospect before us is not bright with such promise. Already the progress of the present conflict has been marked by facts that fill the moralist and patriot with the profoundest anxiety and alarm. Some of these we will frankly state.

1. Dishonesty in fulfillment of contracts for the supply of the army with food and clothing. One would suppose that the very last of all wickedness that men could perpetrate would be making money by inflicting suffering upon the soldiers who have gone to fight the battles of the country. But there are men who will seize this as a golden opportunity to fill their pockets by cheating the government and robbing the army, and endangering the very life of the great cause. Humanity blushes to make the shameless record, but the men who are base enough to do it, are among us and bring on scenes of horror, who will grow rich by the wrongs they inflict, and the longer the war lasts, the richer they will grow.

2. The appointment of politicians to military offices, without regard to qualification. In the regular army of the United States, and in civil life, there are men who have had military education, and are willing and anxious to take positions of responsibility in this war. But civilians who have not the knowledge necessary to command an army on a holiday parade, are intrusted with the awful destinies of this war. Thus far all that has been well done in action has been done under the lead of regular army officers, the blunders and disasters have been the result of ignorance and incompetence.

3. The most alarming among all the signs of the times is the disregard shown by many of the leading political journals to the spirit and letter of the Constitution of the United States. It is no longer concealed, it is boldly avowed day after day, that the Constitution must be invaded, overstepped, in other words, trampled upon, in order to carry on and carry out this war. This is corruption of the rank sort. This is the utter abandonment of political morality; and the country is in the last stages of desirable existence, when good men on whom we have relied as the supporters of national virtue tell us that the Constitution is not to stand in the way of the President, in the management of our public affairs. Such men should remember that the Constitution is above the President. No man swears allegiance to the Constitution. And when the doctrine becomes popular, as it is to-day, that in times of great public danger and national exigencies, the charter of all our political rights may be disregarded by those who are sworn to defend it, then our liberties are already gone, and they can be recovered only by such a struggle as it takes to cast out devils from one possessed.

To be browbeaten is to be forewarned. It is the duty of religious patriotism to sound the alarm, to cry aloud and spare not. We know that plenty may return after famine has wasted the land. Peace may smile when grim war has hid his face, and harvest may wave again over fields that have been fattened with blood. But when moral corruption eats into the heart of a people, and law ceases to be respected by those who expound it, the days of national purity and prosperity are numbered, and we no longer have a government worth any good man's regard.

FANNY FERN says that it is just a sensible move to undertake to get married without courting, as to attempt to succeed in business without advertising.

Ground and Lofly Tumbling.

"We were not a little surprised to hear that our friend, J. W. Wilson, since his return from the wars, has become a decided anti-war Vallandigham-Crittendenite at any sacrifice man. To those who listened to his battle rallies a few weeks ago this sudden conversion will be a matter of astonishment. It would not be strange after this to hear of his being—well, what is the next greatest absurdity—in favor of Vall. for Governor.—Hamilton Intelligencer.

I find the above in the abolition organ of this country last week. How eager must these men be for surprises! Almost as eager as Bob Schenck. Without ever having sent out a scouting party, or taken any pains to discover, by personal inspection, my position, he rushes into the U. G. R. R. sheet, and charges pell mell upon "a deep cut." "Surprises" appear to be chronic complaint in the ranks of the leading Republicans just now. It is surprising to them that a man should be in favor of a way for the possession of the General Government of its rightful property, and protecting the National Capital, at the same time opposed to a war for the purpose, as some avow, of "helping out slavery," and encouraging "servile insurrection." I am ready whenever A. Lincoln wants me to assist in enforcing the laws, but if he asks me to violate the laws of my country, I shall turn my musket against him.

While I am in favor of what is right, I am opposed to what is wrong. Every soldier, and I am one, is under the solemn obligation of an oath, to support the Constitution of his country. I am too much of a soldier to violate my oath at the command of any military necessity. Called out by the President in what was regarded as a just and righteous cause, and in conformity to the laws of my country, I with others was made a tool of to swindle the people out of millions of dollars, exposed to unnecessary hardships and then under the pains and penalties of being called cowards and sent home naked, we were asked to sanction an unauthorized, open, palpable, and clearly unnecessary violation of the Constitution. Very "surprising" that we should prefer to be called cowards! If we cannot put down rebellion without becoming rebels ourselves, let the rebellion go to the devil. I am satisfied that the most fatal mistake that ever the people made was in countenancing such usurpations as the President has been guilty of. The rebellion could have been put down "decently and in order" in a very short time by pursuing a straight forward course, but the prospect before us is not bright with such promise. Already the progress of the present conflict has been marked by facts that fill the moralist and patriot with the profoundest anxiety and alarm. Some of these we will frankly state.

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It is a bad sign to see a man fly into a passion over a joke. It looks very much as though he had done something he was ashamed of.

Specimen Sproggles Joins the Volunteers.

I'm a patriot. My father was a patriot before me—in fact all our family have been patriots. My grand-mother knit socks for the men of '76, and my grand-father made his pile selling them at two shillings a pair. He was the original "Sock-lager." The bare-footed soldiers at Valley Forge chattered him, because he soaked it to 'em selling socks. Then I had an uncle with the "Cow-boys," who supplied Gen. Washington's army with milk and butter; and my mother is a genuine chip of the old block, sliced off the tough side.

When the war came, the ancestral blood in my veins rose to fever heat, I couldn't get it to boil 'till the first company was full, and off to the wars. After five fastenings the Volunteers left, my girl old me her dolly ball—"every young man between twenty and twenty-three, and born in July, ought to lend himself to his country these hot times." The old man struck my age and birth exactly. Guess it wasn't an accident, don't want me to have his daughter—wants me killed. Blood took the hint and sizzled me right into the ranks. Got a pair of pants with a red stripe running down each leg, like lightning chasing a fox squirrel on a worm-fence. Got a soldier hat, and a full-breasted coat with two quarts of brass buttons on it. Lent myself. Joined the "Feroocious Fighting Fellers." Stood six feet ten in slippers,—a tall kind of Specimen. Have length, breadth and depth,—weight two hundred and forty pounds, divide space five feet and a pop, and when carry arms the point of the bayonet tickles my ear. Some of the boys said I would make a low private. Thought I'd rather be a low officer, and be elected Corporal.

Another big fellow running for the same office asked me if I knew what the Corporal had to do? Told him no. Said he had to go in front in a fight, and keep the point of the bayonet tickles my ear. Told him I didn't want to be Corporal, and wasn't a candidate. Big fellow was elected without opposition, and I then grinned at me, with his thumb on his nose and his fingers wiggling. Thought he was practicing keeping tally.

Went to drill—Captain—a little fellow—said, "fall into line." Fellows all got in line but none of 'em fell down. Captain said "dress right!" Thought I was dressed all right, but some of the fellows looked shabby enough. Captain punched his sword at my legs, and said, "dress left!" Told him "darn'd if I was going to drill without my clothes on." Captain said "unpack your trunk!" Took out my watch and noticed it was just thirty-five minutes to supper time. Some of the fellows began throwing out first one foot and then the other. Followed suit, and capized the fellow in front. Jumped up, and asked me what I was doing? Told him marking time. Said "come to time!" and my nose came against his fist. Learned what fighting time was.

Told him "march!" Turned round to tell him I hadn't my baggage ready; when the front fellows struck off in a bee line, and the hind ones came piling on top of me like a thousand brick. Captain swore at me a while, and then got us in line again. Said "march!" Marched. Told on the fellow's heel in front. Fellow knocked the front line into a cocked-hat. Captain swore at 'em again, and took me out on one side for "private instruction." Captain said "march!" Told him "march!" Said "pay your footings!" Showed him shoe-maker's receipt for my boots. Said "come down with the sponges!" Told him to come up with the "collaters." Captain got in front of me and strained up like a rooster going to crow. Said "right foot!" Right-footed him about two feet high. Came down on his dignity, and ordered me to throw my foot out side-ways. Gave a cow-kick with each foot, and slammed two one hundred and eighty pound fellows slap up against him. Captain granted, and told me not to throw 'em so high. Gave a side-wipe, and kicked dirt in his face. Captain went it blind. Told me to hold my toe up. Stuck it under his chin, and took the starch out of his collar. Captain swore I was all right, and said "left foot!" Left-footed towards the supper table—Captain told me to keep step to the "music of the Union." Told him it was a little too fast for me just now. Captain got in front. Turned his back to me. My toe drew a bead and wanted to fire at the soldier button on his coat-tail. Kept it from going off by putting in a few jiggles. Captain told me to stick close, and lift my feet when he lifted his. Stuck close. Captain lifted his foot. Caught him under the bed with my toe, and gave a two-horse power kick. Captain kicked himself on the nose. Ditto his other foot. Dittied about twenty paces, when Captain complained of a pain in his thigh, and turned me over to the Sergeant. Sergeant wanted me to treat. Treated him with contempt, and he re-treated.

Don't think I'll make a good soldier. In fact I'm not a fighting man any way. A patriot—but a man can be a patriot without fighting. My father was a patriot, and he didn't fight, and Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster, too, then there's Ale Lincoln, and General Scott, they are patriots, but they don't fight. They only make other men fight. Fighting patriots get killed sometimes. Who ever heard of a President or a big General being killed? Fighting patriotism is not the "forte" of Specimen Sproggles. But I've joined. Signed the articles of war. Have got a musket, and am likely to get musketreared. Want to back out, but can't find a hole big enough for me to creep through. Tried to get kicked out. No go. Company can't spare seven feet of such rank material. Have displayed some vicious faults for a soldier, but they hold on to me more viciously tight. Have laid the Captain up with the rheumatism; beat the Lieutenant at seven-up; pitched the Sergeant over a panel fence; punched the Corporal's ear, lanced a private for puttin' five

Cartridges in my musket, and accidentally introduced six inches of bayonet to another; run my fist through the drum; drank the fier dead drunk, and made a pipe-stem of the life, and then offered to fight the whole company rough and tumble; yet Captain, officers and men all like me. Can't account for it. Have a horrible suspicion they have conspired with the light as a sort of breast-work. Preys on me like a night-mare. Dream of cannon balls and bayonets every night.—Sometimes fancy I'm a breast work of cotton bales on fire; then again that I'm a big bomb-shell loaded with gimblet and fired out of a steam-boiler; and once thought I was a ten-inch Col. militia with legs and tail like a horse, and Gen. Scott charging round on me in a battle. Am getting desperate. If marching orders come before I seele, am afraid I shall be on the sick list. Want to be sick badly. Haven't been laid up for a long time.—Think it will do me good. Slept out on the grass to catch a bad cold. Didn't work. Going to try it on again. Want don't do 'till leg me off. SPECIMAN SPROGGLES.—Medville Democrat.

A Specimen of Republican-Lincoln No-Partyism.

The Albany Argus and Atlas, after showing the manner in which Democrats had fought for and rallied around the Government, to save it from the had position in which it had been placed by their Republican opponents, illustrates the way in which Democratic generosity has been met by the Republican Administration. It says of it:

"The Administration party here has shown no similar magnanimity. It has never taken advantage of their accidental majority to pass the Morrill Tariff—a special measure to the business interests of the country."

"He removed Democrats wholesale from office, merely because they were Democrats."

"He appointed worthless partisans to high places abroad—Schurz, Burlingame, Cassius M. Clay, &c.—and filled many at home with creatures of the same kind."

"His party took advantage of their accidental majority to pass the Morrill Tariff—a special measure to the business interests of the country."

"He carried his party discrimination into army appointments, excluding Democrats from the regular service, and assigning to them a few nominal and unimportant commands in the volunteer or militia."

"A system of jobbing and contracts was organized for the purpose of rewarding partisans at the cost of the Treasury, and of the suffering and deprivation of the troops."

"In his recent Message he assailed fundamental doctrines of the Democratic creed, and gave out that his 'election' was to be vindicated by the war; and that this was its main object. The spectacle of a partisan Administration narrowing itself into a party of jobbing and contracts, and a patriotic people rising above all considerations of party, and spreading its broad bosom to the foe to protect it, is one that is full of instruction."

Under this head the Albany (N. Y.) Argus and Atlas has an excellent article, in which it says:

"At no time since the foundation of the Government has party violence so raged against Democrats as now. During the alien and sedition-law reign of John Adams, there was no such vindictiveness displayed. When Democrats were punished for opinion's sake, it was by law, and the cases of conviction were few. Now the vengeance of party is administered by a mob, and it purposes to make all its enemies its victims."

"This vindictive and violence is manifested mostly in the Republican press.—Wholesale abuse, coarse epithets, charges of treason and disloyalty, insolent threats of punishment, are daily uttered against Democrats, and with rising vehemence of tone and recklessness of denunciation."

It is evident that the Administration party intend to browbeat their enemies, and put a stop to the discussion of measures and principles by violence. Indeed, they do not hesitate to own it.

"At the same time the most ultra views of consolidation, the most latitudinarian constructions of Constitutional duty, and the most lax views of governmental obligation, are put forth by the anti-Democratic press. Uttering revolutionary doctrines, broaching opinions at war with all responsible governments, and appealing to lawless passions against the law, the Administration press seem to regard all license of language tolerable, except such as is heard in defense of the Constitution."

"These expressions indicate a long-cherished hatred of Democracy—a hatred that not only includes all the members of the party, but its principles; and the explosion of this long pent-up antipathy is proportioned to the length of time in which it has been held in restraint."

GEN. MARION'S LAST WORDS.—A life of the above South Carolina hero, by Maj. S. Horry, published in 1845, gives the author's account of the General's last words, which are very remarkable.

"Ambitious demagogues will rise, and the people, through ignorance and love of change will follow them. Vast armies will be formed and bloody battles fought. And after desolating their country with all the horrors of civil war, the guilty survivors will have to bend their necks to the iron yoke of some stern usurper, and like beasts of burden, to drag, unprovoked, those galling chains which they have invited upon themselves forever."

Tax on Tea, Coffee and Sugar.—Speech of Hon. Mr. Cox, of Ohio.

When the bill to tax tea, coffee and sugar was before the House of Representatives, at Washington, the Hon. Mr. Cox, of the Columbia district, in this State made the following remarks:

Mr. Cox—I move to amend by striking out the following clause:
"Tea 15 cents a pound, and coffee of all kinds 5 cents per pound."
Mr. Chairman, I was fully prepared at the last session of Congress, when all our measures of adjustment failed, and when we had the prospect before us of a dissolving Union, to find as the result of our action or non action then, not only large armies enrolled, but perpetual taxes imposed—taxes which would be felt in the dwelling of the most humble. I was prepared to find introduced at this session of Congress a bill to tax the necessities of life—coffee, tea, sugar, &c. Here we have it. I will not give my vote for it, unless the gentlemen from Pennsylvania (Mr. Stevens) comes up and answers the demands of the crisis, by taking off the onerous tribute levied on the agricultural portion of the country for the benefit of Pennsylvania's interests.

I denounced the bill of last session, and was almost alone in denouncing it, as a fiscal tyranny, which taxed almost all implements used from a locomotive down to a needle—almost every thing made of iron which entered into common use. I denunciated it as a tyranny which would, in time, alienate even in the Western country from some portions of this Confederacy. I said that the same bad influence which had continued somewhat to alienate the Southern portion of the country from the North would, in time, work similar bad effects even on the Western country. We passed a bill last Congress which the civilized world, in view of the crisis now pending called upon us to modify or repeal. But, instead of having equal taxation—a taxation which might have produced more revenue—we find the same blighting influence here, clinging on what it has got already in Pennsylvania and New England, and asked that taxes shall be pushed into the cottage of the poor and industrious classes—nay, as the very men who are now fighting the battles of the country.